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Uncle Zeberiah;

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A RURAL COMEDY-DRAMA

IN FOUR ACTS

—BY—

Edwin Weever.

—X—

—TO WHICH IS ADDED—

A DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUMES—CAST OF THE CHARACTERS—ENTRANCES AND EXITS—RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE PERFORMERS ON THE STAGE, AND THE WHOLE OF THE STAGE BUSINESS.

—X—

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UNCLE ZEBERIAH

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

ZEBERIAH HICKERSON,		*A farmer.*
JOE WILSON,	(*can double*)	*In love with Rose.*
MICKEY DUNN,	(*can double*)	*A tramp.*
RICHARD LAYTON,		*Agt. for Pearce, Reed & Co.*
SQUIRE BARKLEY,		*A neighbor.*
SYDNEY SHERMAN,	(*can double*)	*A friend of Laytons.*
MR. PEARCE,	(*can double*)	*Of Pearce, Reed & Co.*
BALDY TOWNER,	(*can double*)	*A farm hand.*
ISAAC LOVINSKY,	(*can double*)	*A polished smuggler.*
TAGGS,	(*can double*)	*A street waif.*
SUE LEE,	(*can double*)	*A Chinaman.*
AUNT MANDY,	(*can double*)	*Zeberiah's sister-in-law.*
RACHEL LAVINSKY,	(*can double*)	*Isaac's wife.*
ROSE HICKERSON,		*Zeberiah's daughter.*
VIOLET LAYTON,		*Richard's wife.*
CONSTABLE.		

—x—

TIME OF PLAYING—1 hour and 50 minutes.

—x—

SYNOPSIS AND PROPERTIES ON LAST PAGE.

—x—

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—x—

COSTUMES.

ZEBERIAH.—Gray suit, pants in boots, light shirt and white collar, gray bald wig and chin whiskers. Act 4th., overcoat, woolen scarf and fur cap.

JOE.—Dark suit, pants in boots and straw hat. Act 4th., winter clothes, overcoat and cap.

MICKEY DUNN.—A tramp outfit, slouch hat and short stubby full beard.

RICHARD.—An up-to-date suit, mustache and straw hat. Act 4th., overcoat and stiff hat.

SQUIRE.—Black Prince Albert suit, felt hat, gray wig and full beard.

SYDNEY.—Business suit, straw hat and mustache.

PEARCE.—Business suit, brown wig, side whiskers and mustache. Act 4th., overcoat and hat.

BALDY.—Checked shirt, old pants in boots, blond wig—whittles stick during act.

ISAAC.—Old suit, large nose and full beard—should wear glasses.

TAGGS.—Old ragged suit of clothes, shoes and hat. Acts 2nd. and 4th., good dark suit.

SUE LEE.—Chinaman's make-up, blouse, smooth face and chinese wig.

MANDY.—Dark calico dress and gingham apron.

RACHEL.—An old faded calico dress and apron.

ROSE.—Traveling suit, parasol and hat. Act 2nd., white dress. Act 4., winter clothing and wraps.

VIOLET.—Dark skirt, white shirt waist, hat, light wrap and parasol. Act 4th., winter clothing and wraps.

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Uncle Zeberiah.

ACT I.

SCENE.—Exterior—HICKERSON'S *door yard—landscape backing; set house* R.; *bench, wash-pan, comb, glass and towel,* R. C.; *fence across back of stage with gate* C.; *well, bucket of water and dipper up* L. C.—ZEBERIAH *discovered, as curtain rises, with shaving mug, brush and razor, getting ready to shave.*

Zeberiah. (*calls*) Baldy! Oh, Baldy! Whar in tarnation be that boy? (*calls*) Baldy! I say, Baldy! B—

Baldy. (*heard off* L.) What you want?

Zeb. Be you hitchin' up?

Baldy. (*heard off* L.) I've jist been taking a basket o' corn to the hogs. I be goin' to hitch up right now.

Zeb. Wall, you want to hurry up, because I'm nigh through shavin, and I don't want to be late for the cars. My little gal will be here to-day, and the old farm will be a different place. Whar in tarnation be the towel? (*calls*) Mandy! Oh, Mandy!

Mandy. (*heard off* R.) What be ye wantin', Zeb?

Zeb. I fergot to bring out a towel. Fetch me one quick as ye kin.

Enter MANDY, *from house,* R.

Mandy. Why Zeb, I do b'lieve you be clean gone onten yer head! Thar it is right by the wash-pan. (*exit* R. E.

Zeb. Oh, yes, I guess you be right, as ye always are. (*laughs*) Ha, ha, ha! (*business, while laughing, of looking around*) I say, Mandy!

Enter MANDY, *from house,* R.

Mandy. What is the matter now, Zeb.

Zeb. Jest fetch me out the comb, will you.

Mandy. Why Zeb, what on airth is the matter with you anyhow? There's the comb 'tother side o' the wash-pan. If it had a head it could bite you.

Zeb. Bless my soul! I do believe I be a leetle off to-day, but Rose will sot me right when she comes.

Enter BALDY, *through gate from* L. E.

Say, Bandy, don't fergit the new whip, 'cause I want to drive up a bit goin' down.

Baldy. All right, Uncle Zeb. (*exit through gate off* L.

Zeb. (*calls*) Mandy! Oh, Mandy! I say, Mandy!

Mandy. (*heard from house*) I be comin', Zeb.

Enter MANDY, *from house.*

Zeb. Say, Mandy, you jist fetch my coat and hat out while I get this tarnation collar on. (*exit* MANDY, *into house*) Don't wear one in six months, but I have to spruce up a bit fer Rose—she likes to see her old dad look kind o' toney. (*angry*) Tarnation take this collar. I can't get it fastened no how! (*calls*) Mandy!

Enter MANDY, *from house, with hat and coat.*

Mandy. Bless my soul, Zeb, ain't you got that collar on yet? I declare, you're as helpless as a baby. Guess I'll have to fix ye.

Zeb. I reckon you will, old woman. The tarnation thing must a drawed up last time you washed it.

Mandy. (*fixes collar*) Thar, it's fixed. Now let me help you with this coat, and be off quick as ye kin, fer it's half past nine now, and the cars git to the station at ten.

(*business of putting on coat and brushing him*

Enter BALDY *from* L. *through gate.*

Baldy. The hosses be hitched, Uncle Zeb, and I see Joe Wilson comin' down the road. He's all spruced up and has got his boots greased, and he looks like a regular dude. (*laughs uproariously*

Mandy. What on airth is the matter with you, Baldy?

Baldy. I guess I know what he is comin' here fur. He is sweet on Rose. (*laughs as before*

Zeb. Well I be ready now, and I be off for the station quicker'n a streak o' greased lightnin'. (*goes to gate*

Enter JOE WILSON, L. E.

Howdy, Joe. (*they shake hands*

Joe. Howdy, Uncle Zeb; howdy folks.

Mandy. } Howdy, Joe, howdy!
Baldy. }

Zeb. I be off to meet the little gal, Joe Just make yourself at home till we get back, fer you know yer always welcome at the old farm.

Exit ZEBERIAH, *through gate off* L.—*business with horses heard off stage —all characters up stage waving hats, etc.—chorus of "Good-bye Uncle Zeb."*

Joe. Guess I am a little early, but I was just on my way to Squire Barkleys, and I thought I'd drop in fer a spell.

(BALDY *laughs uproariously*

Mandy. Baldy Towner, stop yer nonsense and git in the house and finish up them chores. Git in plenty of wood and water, fer you know you won't do nothin' when Rose comes, but stand around with your mouth open.

Baldy. Say, Joe, I got my boots greased too.

(*laughs and exits into house*

Mandy. That boy do beat all. Well Joe, our gal is comin' home a lady. It took a sight o' money, but Zeb was dead sot on givin' her an eddication and makin' a lady of her.

Joe. Aunt Mandy, education does not make ladies, and Rose was a little lady long afore she ever went to a fashionable seminary. Why, if she couldn't spell her own name, she would still be the dearest leetle gal in all the world to me!

Mandy. Why Joe, you don't mean it!

(RICHARD *and* VIOLET *appear in back, unseen by* JOE *and* MANDY

Joe. Yes, I do Aunt Mandy, I love Rose with all my heart. Why, I'd lay down my life for her, and if she and you and Uncle Zeb are willin'. I mean to make her my wife some day.

Mandy. Well, I want to know! Now I allus knowed you liked each other, Joe, and it makes me feel real proud to hear you talk. Our gal couldn't get a better husband if she married a preacher, but you jist come in the house with me, Joe. I smell somethin' burnin', and I do believe that boy has put them pertaters on without a speck of water. (*exit* MANDY *and* JOE, *into house*

Enter RICHARD *and* VIOLET, *from* L. E. *through gate.*

Richard. Was ever anything so fortunate? So he loves Rose and means to make her his wife. Well I fancy I can place an obstacle in the way of this marriage all right.

Violet. But how, Richard?

Richard. It's all very simple. Rose now has an education, and like a true daughter of Eve, will be ashamed of her country friends. It will be strange, indeed, if I cannot win out against this simpleton, this village clown, who loves and intends to marry the lady whom I have chosen to wed. Eh, Violet? (*laughs*

Violet. Surely, Richard, you will not harm her. Promise me, Richard, that you will not. Remember that in the sight of heaven, I am your wife, and you dare not marry another. Oh, Richard, promise me – promise me you will not harm her!

(*puts handkerchief to face*

Richard. Now, Violet, spare me your tears. You know I hate to see a woman blubber. It doesn't improve your beauty, and by-the-bye, remember you are not as blooming as when I first found you. Of course you're my wife "In the sight of heaven." (*sneering*) I care nothing for this girl—she is but the means to an end, and that end, the possession of this farm. Untold wealth is lying, at this moment, beneath our feet. We must manage to secure a deed. This place once mine, I shall force it to yield up it's hidden treasures, and then –

Violet. And then— (*anxiously, hopefully*

Richard. And then—I will put the old life behind me forever. I shall cease my wickedness and become a highly respected member of society. (*laughs*

Violet. And what of me—of your promise? Oh, Richard, do not deceive me! I have lost all for you –(*kneels*) home, friends, honor, everything that a woman holds dear If you are false to your promise now, I shall die! Oh, Richard, I love you, I cannot give you up. (*pleadingly*) Tell me—tell me you will redeem your promise?

Richard. (*uneasily*) Violet, this is rubbish. Is not my promise

enough? It strikes me you haven't such implicit faith in me as in the old days. (*helps her up*) Come now, you'll spoil your eyes, rather fine eyes they were once—I remember, and (*listens*)—sh!—There's someone coming! Remember to these people you are my sister, Miss Violet Layton. Do you understand?

VIOLET *slowly nods head*—RICHARD *goes to well, makes pretense of drinking.*

Enter TAGGS, L. E., *through gate, whistling.*

Taggs. Gee! but I'm hot. (*looks around, sees* RICHARD) Git on to de swell! (*goes up, hits* RICHARD *on back*) Hello! Cully, have you'se got a lease on that well?

Richard. You little ruffian! Clear out of this now and get back to de poorhouse where you belong.

Taggs. Well, what do you t'ink of de nerve. Say, Mr. Dick Layton, what's de matter wid you'se goin' to de penetentiary where you'se belong.

Richard. (*starts*) Who the devil are you? (*grabs* TAGGS *by the shoulder*) Speak, or I'll choke the life out of you! Who are you and how came you here?

Taggs. My friends know me as Taggs, and I come in a side-door sleeper. Anything more you'se like to know?

Richard. Well no, I suppose not, Taggs.

Taggs. Taggart, if you'se please. (*folds arms—stands erect*

Richard. Oh, to be sure! Well, take this and be off. (*tosses coin*

Taggs. (*takes money—throws it down*) No, t'ank yer, I ain't runnin' no risks of bein' copped fer a counterfeiter.

Richard. (*starts violently*) You little wretch, I'll kill you!
(*grabs* TAGGS *by the throat*—VIOLET *screams*

Enter JOE, *from house, quickly, throws* RICHARD, L.

Joe. What are you doing to that boy?

Taggs. I t'ink he was tryin' to sever me wind-pipe.

Richard. Ah! good-mornin'. You are Mr. Wilson, I believe? This little vagabond was very impudent, and I was about to put him out. He is probably up to some mischief, out allow me to introduce myself, my name is Layton, Richard Layton, and this young lady, (*indicates* VIOLET) is my sister. (TAGGS *amazed,* VIOLET *bows and walks up stage*) We are friends of Miss Rose, and knowing she would be here to-day, Violet and I wished to be among the first to greet her.
(TAGGS *makes grimace*

Joe. (*embarrassed*) Friends of Miss Rose. Then you are welcome. (*they shake hands*) Come into the house and I'll make you acquainted with Aunt Mandy. She will be glad to see you. (*to* TAGGS) And now, my lad, what do you want?

Taggs. Gee whiz! why don't you ask me what I don't want, it would save time.

Richard. Now my friend, let me give you a piece of good advice. Now—

Taggs. (*interrupts*) Dat's it! Dat's one t'ing I gets a plenty of. Why, I'se had enough good advice given me to fill up a church house, and everybody calls me poor kid and feels fer me.

Joe. It seems to me you should be able to profit by so much good advice and sympathy.

Taggs. Well, pard, I'se willing to profit by advice when it comes from the lips of a good, honest man like—(*looks* RICHARD *up and down, then back to* JOE) like you, but there's dem what ain't honest, you know, and besides dis feelin' fer a feller, don't fill up de vacancy. (*holds stomach*

Joe. Poor little chap, you are hungry. Well, you come right in with me and Aunt Mandy will give you something to fill that vacancy.

Richard. Surely, Mr. Wilson, you are not going to take this little vagabond in the house? Is there not a place near by for such as he? He may be a spy for a nest of thieves, and simply here to learn the lay of the land for the gang.

Joe. (*looks at* TAGGS *then at* RICHARD) The boy has an honest face and I ain't afraid to risk him. You can't always tell a gentleman by the clothes he wears.

Richard. (*starts, recovers*) But I do not like to see the lady put to

Enter MANDY, *from house, stops and listens.*

all this trouble. I will give him money and he can buy something to eat when he gets to town. Better send him on about his business.

Mandy. Trouble! A trouble to feed them that's hungry? No-sir-ee-bob! As long as there's a crust of bread in this house, nobody shall leave it's doors hungry. Why, Zeb would raise the roof clean offen the house if anybody hinted at sich. (*to* TAGGS) Come right in, honey, and I'll give you a dinner that'll make your stomach real glad.

Taggs. And I'll eat a dinner that'll make your table look sick. (*crosses* R.) But I thank you, ma'am, dem's de first kind words dat's been spoken to me since me mother died. (*crosses to* JOE) And say, you'se a regular brick, (*shakes hands*) you is. Dar's some good people in the world yet, but you'se has to look in de country for 'em. You'se been good to me, and I'se goin' to be good to you. (RICHARD *and* VIOLET *start*) You'se a great big man and I'm nothin' but a kid, but me mudder once read me a story about a lion dat was caught tight in a net, and a mouse helped him out by chewing de cords, and who knows but what some day you'll be the lion and get caught fast in the net, and whenever you does, de mouse'll be dere Johnny on de spot.

Joe. (*laughs*) I hope it won't be necessary, Taggs, but come in and Aunt Mandy will attend to your needs. Aunt Mandy, this is Mr. Layton and his sister from the city. They are friends of Rose.

Mandy. You don't! say so! Well, I'm real glad to see you. (*wipes hands on apron and shakes hands*) Just come right in while I get the little chap somethin' to eat. (*exit* MANDY, JOE *and* TAGGS *into house*

Richard. Violet, that boy must leave here at once. He is up to some mischief and will block our game if he remains.

Violet. He seems to know you.

Richard. Yes, the little devil was the only witness against me two years ago, in that murder scrape, but as he was under age, and only a street waif, his evidence didn't count for much. (*looks off* L.) Here comes some one. Go inside and hold them in conversation. I

may be able to get some valuable information of this old fellow.

(*exit* VIOLET, *into house*

Enter BARKLEY, L. E.

Barkley. Ah, a stranger—(*comes down*) How-do-you do stranger? How-do-you-do?

Richard. How do you do? (*shakes hands*) Layton is my name, Richard Layton, from Chicago. My sister and I are visiting Miss Hickerson.

Barkley. Ah, I see how it is. (*laughs*) Smitten with Rose, eh? Well, she be a powerful handsome gal—looks just like her mother did when she was young. I was smitten with Rose's mother and I can't blame you for hankerin' after the daughter. (*laughs*) Ha, ha, ha! Me an' Zeb both loved her mother, but she married him. Luck—luck—his cursed luck! Ah! but he was born lucky, been lucky ever since I knowed him. Everything I touch goes wrong—everything he takes hold on, gits along, and it's all luck—his cursed luck.

Richard. (*aside*) The very man for my purpose. (*aloud*) Yes, he is even luckier than you are aware of. There has lately been discovered a rich vein of coal on his farm which makes it worth a cool million dollars.

Barkley. A million dollars! A million dollars did you say? Hickerson's place worth a million dollars! Ah, Zeb's in luck! Zeb's in luck! Beat me out of the only woman I ever loved, and now he's in a fair way of making a million dollars. I can never hope to even see half that amount.

Richard. It is in your power to make that much and more!

Barkley. In my power to make a million dollars! How, stranger, how?

Richard. It is very simple. He does not know the value of the place. If you and I owned this place instead of Hickerson, the fortune would be ours.

Barkley. Yes, but how can we get possession of it. Hickerson swears he'll never sell the place. He's attached to it.

Richard. But if we could obtain it without buying it.

Barkley. Obtain it without buying it! Impossible!

Richard. If I could obtain possession of the title deed, I could make it appear that he had transferred the farm to you for a certain sum of money, as he has failed to have it recorded. I can forge a receipt. Do you understand?

Barkley. But how to get hold of the deed?

Richard. It is for that reason that I confide in you. You are known at the house, can easily lay your hand on the document.

Barkley. And you say it will mean money in my pocket. How much, say?

Richard. Fifty thousand dollars at the very least.

Barkley. Fifty thousand dollars! A heap of money! A heap of money! But how am I to know that after I've done your dirty work, you'll keep your word?

Richard. To show you that I mean what I say, here is something on account. (*hands money*

Barkley. (*clutches money greedily*) Money! Gold! Good money! How much, (*counts money*) five—ten—twenty-five dollars! Good

money—all mine?

Richard. And much more if you succeed in obtaining the title deed to this farm.

Barkley. You swear you will give me more when I get the deed? More money?

Richard. You shall have as much as you want.

Barkley. Stranger, ye may be rich, but you never could give me all the gold I want. Gold! I love it better than mother, father, sister or brother. Gold, shining gold. I love it better than life itself sweet, beautiful gold. (*contemplates coin in hand*

Richard. (*aside*) By jove, I'm having an easier time of it than I anticipated. The old miser would sell his soul for gold. He will make a very useful tool. Once I hold the title deed to this farm, success is assured. The place will yield up enough to keep me in clover for the rest of my days.

Zeb. (*heard off L.*) Whoa! Well, here we are all safe and sound.

Richard. By jove, here comes Hickerson and Rose. (*crosses*) Remember now, old man, be on your guard.

Enter ZEBERIAH *and* ROSE, L. E. *through gate*—ROSE *in a traveling suit.*

Zeb. Well, little gal, I reckon you are glad to get back to the old farm again?

Rose. Yes, father, I am very, very glad. But where is Aunt Mandy and Baldy?

Zeb. I guess they hain't heard us yet. (*sees* BARKLEY *and* RICHARD) Well, goll darn me, if it ain't Squire Barkley himself. (*shakes hands*) How be ye, Squire? (*to* RICHARD) How be ye, stranger?

Rose. Oh, Mr. Layton, how nice of you to be here to welcome me. Father, this is Mr. Layton, a friend whom I met while at school.

Zeb. Well then, yer welcome, Mr. Layton. (*shakes hands*

Richard. Thank you. (*to* ROSE) My sister Violet is here with me also.

Rose. How nice of you to bring your sister out with you, but you will excuse me, I am sure, while I go in search of Aunt Mandy and Baldy. (*exit into house*

Richard. Certainly. (*bows, tips hat*) You possess a very desirable place here, Mr. Hickerson.

Zeb. Oh, yes, pretty comfortable, couldn't wish nothin' more.

Richard. It is just such a place as I have long wished to buy. I wonder if you could be induced to part with it?

Zeb. What! Part with the old farm? No-sir-ee-bob! Not as long as Zeb Hickerson lives, nor after he's dead nuther, if he can help it. I bought this place for me'n Joan, just after Parson Hayward tied the knot and for thirty years we lived here, happy and contented. My little gals, Mary and Rose were born here, but Mary, God bless her wherever she may be, was stolen from us when she was but a mere baby. Some rascal, took it in his head that I had money, and stole my little gal from me, thinkin' they would git a fortune. God knows I'd a give it, but I didn't have it to give. I got a letter after she was gone, sayin' if I'd come to a certain place in Chicago with $50,000 cash, I could get my child. It was signed "One of the gang." So I give the letter to the officers and went with

them, but when we reached the place, there were no one thar, and I hain't never heard tell of my little Mary since. But consarning the old farm, we are old relations, and Zeb Hickerson ain't the man to go back on his relations. When I have passed in my checks, I want Rose to keep the old farm and live on it just as I have done.

(*pantomime conversation with* BARKLEY

Richard. (*aside*) There's but one thing to be done. Old Barkley must manage to get possession of the deed, but I must not loose sight of the girl. If only I can make Violet believe it is necessary to marry Rose in order to secure the farm—I shall indeed be lucky—it must be done.

Zeb. Tarnation, but ain't it hot to-day? Just walk in folks and I'll give you some hard cider of my own make, as'll make you think o' paradise. (*exit into house*

Richard. Remember, Squire, keep your eyes open—you must act at once—the title deed and your $50,000. (*exit into house*

Barkley. Oh, I won't fergit! Zeb Hickerson, my turn has come at last. Ye won the only woman I ever loved from me. I never forgave ye that, and now you'll get a chance to taste of the life I've lived for the last thirty years. Things'll be changed when I git hold of that title deed. You'll be a pauper then, and I'll have 50,000 dollars—(*chuckles*) 50,000 dollars— (*chuckles and exits into house*

Enter ROSE, *from back of house.*

Rose. Poor Aunt Mandy, how good she is to every one. She says she would be so happy, if only she could be sure that others are doing as much for sister Mary. Oh, if only I could have seen her once. Pshaw! I'll be having the blues directly, and to-day I should be very—very happy, for am I not back on the dear old farm, and yet I feel nervous and afraid as though some unhappiness were in store for me. I wonder where Richard and father went?

Enter RICHARD, *from house.*

Richard. Ahem! beg pardon, Miss Rose.

Rose. (*starts*) Oh, how you frightened me.

Richard. You were not expecting me?

Rose. Not exactly, but—I was thinking of you.

Richard. I hope your thoughts were not unpleasant?

Rose. How could I think unpleasantly of you?

Richard. It makes me very happy to hear you say that. Listen, Rose, the time has come when I feel I must possess something more than friendship from you. Do you think you—

Rose. Mr. Layton, I—I do not understand.

Richard. I will not beat about the bush. Already I have kept my secret too long, and now I can only say I love you and I want you for my wife. (*starts to embrace her*

Rose. (*holds him off*) Mr. Layton, I value your friendship, but your wife—indeed I could not promise that.

Richard. Is there then another?

Rose. You have no right to ask that question?

Richard. I beg your pardon, but my love for you makes me forget what I am saying. I do not expect your answer now. All I ask of you for the present is the privilege of friendship. You will not deny

me entirely, Miss Rose?

Rose. Certainly we shall be friends, Mr. Layton. (*starts up stage*) I am going in now—if you care to join me—

Richard. With pleasure. (*exeunt back of house*

Enter BARKLEY, *from house.*

Barkley. Yes, here's the deed sure enough. Had less trouble finding it than I expected. Now for the young stranger. (*goes to gate* ZEBERIAH *heard laugh off* R.) That's right, old man, enjoy yourself while you can. You won't feel quite so funny to-morrow, Zeb Hickerson. Ye stole the only woman I ever loved from me. Now I steal yer house, yer farm—everything. (*laughs, rubs hands*) I've waited a long time to get square with you, and now my chance has come. We're quits.

Enter TAGGS, *from house, just as* BARKLEY *drops deed*—TAGGS *runs, picks up deed, changes with* BARKLEY, *gives him a different paper.*

Thank you, young man, thank you. (*exit through gate off* L.

Taggs. Don't mention it. Now I seen dat old geezer foolin' around in the house when nobody was a lookin' but me, and he acted kind o' suspicious like, so says I, Taggs, just keep your peepers on de guy, so I sees him take dem papers. Wonder what dey are? Well, he hain't got 'em anyway. Guess I'll take dese and give 'em back to de farmer, but pshaw, dey wouldn't believe me nohow, 'cause deys all dead stuck on de old geezer. Dey'll t'ink I stole 'em and den I'll get pinched. I guess not! (*exit back of house*

Enter ROSE, *from house.*

Rose. I wonder if Joe really cares for Miss Violet? Oh, why should she she who is so beautiful and refined, and has met so many men of the world. Why should she come here to win him from me? And I used to think he loved me—and I—I have allowed myself all unasked, to love him. Oh, Joe, Joe! But I fear—something, I know not what, tells me that Violet would never wed a man who could offer her nothing but love. If only I had some one to tell me what to do. Perhaps, in time—

Enter RICHARD, *from house.*

Richard. Beg pardon, Miss Rose, but may I keep you company?

Rose. Certainly. If you don't mind, we will take a stroll down to the pasture and see father's stock. I haven't seen them for some time, you know.

Richard. I shall be delighted. (*exeunt through gate off* L.

Enter JOE *and* VIOLET, *from house.*

Violet. I wonder where the others have gone? (*at gate, looks off* L.) Ah, there is my brother and Rose taking a stroll. They are so engrossed in each other, and Rose looks so happy. I believe she prefers her city associates to her rural friends.

Joe. Rose will never go back on her own people. 'Tain't her nature. We grew up together, and I loved her as I did my own little sisters, and petted and watched over her, and she used to like me a

little when we were children, but if she's found somebody she likes better, I can't complain of that.

Violet. Mr. Wilson, your's is a noble nature, I am sure. How can any woman throw away the treasures of a good man's love. Ah, if it had only been I—ah! (*laughs hysterically*) but you promised to show me over the farm?

Joe. So I did, and if you are ready, we will go.

Enter RICHARD *and* ROSE, *back of house, unseen by* JOE.

Violet. I always thought I should like to live on a farm.

(*exit* VIOLET *and* JOE, *through gate off* L.

Richard. Our young friend, Wilson, seems to be monopolizing Violet's attentions. (*looking off after them*) Upon my word, see how lover like is their attitude.

Rose. And you still care for me after—after what I have told you?

(RICHARD *and* ROSE *come down*

Richard. Nothing can change my love for you. Your attachment for Mr. Wilson is only that of a sister for an elder brother, though you do not realize it yet

Rose. (*aside*) Poor Joe, it seems dreadful to give him up, and what will he think of me. (*aloud*) Richard, you will always love me?

Richard. Do you doubt me, Rose? Can you doubt me? Come, your answer. Will you be my wife? Ah! but I can read it in your eyes—it is yes, Rose, is it not?

Rose. Yes, Richard, I will be your wife, but promise me that we shall remain here until after we are married.

Richard. That is impossible! Listen, Rose, I have business of importance and it is imperative that I return to the city at once, and I shall be compelled to remain absent for at least a month.

Rose. You must go at once?

Richard. Yes, dear, it is unavoidable, but listen, Rose, if you will consent to my plans, we need not part.

Rose. I do not understand.

Richard. You can come with me to the city. We will be married there, and after the honey moon, we can return and celebrate with the old folks—but it will be necessary to keep our marriage a secret.

Rose. Not to tell even father?

Richard. Circumstances which I am not at liberty to explain now, make this course necessary, but you shall know all later.

Rose. Leave without a word to father! Oh, Richard, I cannot! It would break his heart!

Richard. It is partly for your father's sake I make this request. There are things which you do not understand, and I would prefer not to tell you for a time. You can trust me, Rose.

Rose. Tell me, Richard, I can bear it, whatever it is.

Richard. Well Rose, it is this: Old Squire Barkley hates your father bitterly, for a fancied wrong Now he holds the title deed to your father's farm, which your father gave him for a debt, with the understanding however, that he was never to sell the place during your father's lifetime. Barkley has recently discovered that the law would not hold him to such an agreement, and has resolved, unknown to your father, to sell the old place. Now Rose, I am rich and will buy the farm of old Barkley, and your father need never

know—in fact it was not necessary for you to know. Now Rose, you can not longer hold out against my request.

Rose. And you will do this—all for me?

Richard. All for you.

Rose. Oh, Richard, how good and noble you are. I—I—do love you, Richard, and am satisfied to place my fortune in your keeping—I will be guided by you in all things.

Richard. (*embraces her, aside*) I thought that would bring her. (*aloud*) Spoken like the brave little girl you are. Now listen, we have no time to loose. In one hour I will meet you at the station. Above all, don't breath a word of it to a living soul. You can write from the city—darling, the minutes will be days until I see you again. Good-bye. (*embraces* ROSE, *who then exits into house*) Now to see old Barkley and get the deed. The farm is mine and I may as well have the girl. (*exit through gate off* L.

Enter ZEBERIAH, *from house, laughing,*

Zeb. Took me for the Alderman. Wall, I can't get over the joke (*laughs, sits on bench*

Enter ROSE, *from house.*

Rose. (*aside*) How happy poor old father seems to-day—this day of all others. Dear old father, how will he feel in one short hour, when he finds I am gone. How I dread the thoughts, but it is all for the best. I will come back soon, and he will forgive me when he knows all. I must learn to look at it in that way. (*puts arms around* ZEBERIAH'S *neck, aloud*) What makes my old father so happy to-day?

Zeb. Is it my little gal? Why Rose, your old daddy has just been mistaken for an Alderman. Who wouldn't be happy to have been taken fer an Alderman. (*laughs, stops suddenly and looks at* ROSE) Why, what's the matter, little gal? You look as sorrowful as a funeral. Have you and Joe been sassin' each other?

Rose. I am not sad, father—what ever put such a thought into your dear old head? (*strokes his head*

Zeb. Ah! little gal, your happiness is my only pleasure, since your mother and our little Mary went away.

Rose. (*kneels*) Am I very much like her, father?

Zeb. (*strokes her head*) As like as one pure white lily to another, little one.

Rose. If anything should happen, father, would you still love me?

Zeb. No matter what happens, little gal, ye'll always be the same to your old dad; his old heart wouldn't change toward you, and in the hour of trouble, his old arms would be the first to open to ye, to shield ye from all harm. Bless my soul, I'll be as solemn as an undertaker if I ain't careful. (*wipes eyes on handkerchief*) Excuse me. I got somethin' in my eye. It's most time for dinner. Run in now and help your Aunt Mandy lay the plates—it'll sort o' liven ye up. (*remains seated on bench, meditating*

Rose. (*kisses* ZEBERIAH, *goes to house and gets cloak and satchel—aside*) Thus far I am unobserved. Oh, how I hate this deception, this stealing away like a thief in the night, but Richard knows what

is best, and he is so good, so kind. These few lines will explain all. (*drops note*) Farewell father we shall meet again, soon, very soon, for has not Richard promised to bring me back to you happy, oh, so happy—(*sobs at gate*) farewell, father, farewell.

(*exit through gate off* L.

Enter JOE, *from house.*

Joe. Well, good-bye, Uncle Zeb, I must be going.

Zeb. (*starts*) What's yer hurry, Joe, dinner'll be ready in a few minutes. Better stay and have some.

Joe. No, thank you; I'll be getting along towards home.

Zeb. Well, yer welcome, Joe, if you want to stay. I've got to go now and take a look around the barn and feed the hosses.

(*exit through gate off* L.

Joe. Why does Rose avoid me? She scarcely noticed me to-day. What can I have done to displease her? Ever since her return from the city, she seems changed. To-morrow I will see her and ask her for an explanation. It cannot be she loves this Layton—but no, Rose is too honest to have a secret from her old play-fellow. Well, there's no chance of seeing her again to-day, so I might as well be going. (*sees note on floor*) Hello! what's this? (*picks up note*) Somebody must have lost it—Rose's writing as I live. My God! what's this? Rose gone—eloped! Heaven help me! (*sinks on bench*

Enter ZEBERIAH, L. E.

Zeb. Well, tarnation take me! thought you was in such a hurry to go home, Joe? Why, what's the matter, lad? Yer as white as a ghost. What's the matter?

Joe. Rose—Rose has gone.

Zeb. Rose gone? What do you mean, Joe?

Joe. (*hands note*) Read! I found this here a moment ago. I hope it's not yet too late.

Enter MANDY, BALDY *and* VIOLET, *from house.*

Zeb. Rose's writin' by jingo. (*reads aloud*) "Dear father, forgive me for what I am about to do—but I must leave you, father, for a short time. Believe me, I go with one in whose honor I can safely trust. I will explain all later. Your loving daughter, ROSE."

Mandy. Oh, Zeb., what does it mean? (*weeps*

Zeb. (*leans against fence*) My little gal gone, stolen from her old dad. Oh God, give me strength to bear it! Gone—gone—my Rose gone! (*raises eyes upwards*) Father in Heaven, I pray you, watch over my little gal, and bring her back to me unsullied, untainted by the world's evil—gone—gone— (*bows head, weeps*

SLOW CURTAIN.

ACT II.

***SCENE.**—Handsomely furnished dressing room;* C. E. *with draperies;* R. *and* L. E.*; window inflat; sofa* L.*; 'phone near window; chairs, book case on stage.*

Enter RICHARD *and* SIDNEY, C. E. *as curtain rises.*

Richard. (*laughs*) Yes, Sid, I'm a lucky dog. At twenty I married Violet and netted a nice little fortune. Violet was a handsome girl at that time. We lived high and the money went; but pshaw, what's the odds, I've had a good time, and now there's another fortune in my grasp. For just as soon as Rose becomes Mrs. Richard Layton, I shall have a cool million at my command.

Sidney. Not so fast, old chap. I have some news that may discourage your plans.

Richard. What do you mean?

Sid. Your wife is in New York.

Richard. The devil you say.

Sid. No, I said your wife.

Richard. Well, that's about the same thing.

Sid. Well she's here, and sooner or later, she'll be down on you like a sleuth-hound. I thought I'd best slip down and give you warning.

Richard. It is very good of you and I appreciate it.

Sid. Now she is aware of your contemplated marriage to Rose tonight, and swears to interfere. What are you going to do about it?

Richard. Oh, bluff her! If that fails, I'll compromise with her in some way.

Sid. Why man, that woman would trample your money under her feet.

Enter TAGGS, C. E. *as bell boy, pulls curtains together and listens.*

Richard. Don't be so sure about that. Despite her threats, I shall marry Rose, and with her fortune at my command, I can see my way clear, (*looks at watch*) but come, old boy, let's go to dinner—I usually dine at six, and it's past that hour now.

Sid. Well, you're a cool one. I believe you'd laugh if you were going to be hanged.

Richard. (*laughs*) I would at least ask the Sheriff for a smile to brace me up, but come on, or the cook will be going on a strike.

(*exit* RICHARD *and* SIDNEY, L. E.

Taggs. (*comes down, looks after them*) By jove, it's a lucky thing for me I wasn't seen by Sidney Sherman. He would have recognized me even in these togs. I'll have to keep on the blind side of him sure. I told Mr. Joe that I'd help him if he got in trouble, and I'm going to do it. I followed that bloke of a Layton down here, and gets a job as bell boy in this hotel. I wrote a letter to Mr. Joe and told him to come to New York, and in the meantime I have had my peepers on Dick. Ah! Layton, my friend, you may be deep, but I'll solve you, or my name ain't Taggs.

(*starts up stage, meets* ZEBERIAH *—runs into him.*

Enter ZEBERIAH, C. E., *carrying a carpet bag and umbrella, bumps into* TAGGS.

Zeb. Excuse me—I beg your pardon, sir!

Taggs. Oh, don't mention it.

Zeb. Well, I won't—but say, can you tell me where I be?

Taggs. To be sure I can. Yer in New York.

Zeb. Now see here, I axed you a civil question and I want a civil answer—I was a walking along the street, lookin' for my hotel, and—

Taggs. Where is yer hotel?

Zeb. That's jist what I'm a tryin' to find out.

Taggs. I mean, at what hotel are you stoppin'?

Zeb. Well, I ain't a stoppin' at any just now. I went into one this morning to get my breakfast, when along comes a nigger chap and grabs my satchel, but ye bet he didn't get it. No-sir-ee-bob-docker! Then the feller standing behind the counter, wanted me to put my name down in a big book, and I told him I was'nt signin' no strange looking documents I didn't know nothin' about. Then he axed me my name and where I lived when I was to home, and he rit it down himself in the big book and said, "take the elevator." I told him I didn't want to take nothin 'ceptin' my breakfast. Then up comes a nigger chap by the name of Porter.

Taggs. How did you know his name was Porter?

Zeb. He had it rit on his cap. Well, says he, "Walk this way"—(*walks bow-legged*) I told him I didn't see no use o' my making a show o' myself, and that if it didn't make no difference to him, I'd walk just the way I allus had. So then he says, "Come with me." Well I did, and he took me to a little iron cage—I got in—he shut the door, grabbed a rope and pulled the whole darn load of us up all by himself.

Taggs. What was the name of the hotel?

Zeb. It sounded like Commercial or somethin' like that?

Taggs. Ah! sure, I am acquainted with the clerk at that hotel. I'll telephone and ask him to send a cab here for you.

Zeb. You will—what-a-'phone? (*goes to 'phone*

Taggs. Telephone. (*crosses L.*

Zeb. What the dickens is that?

Taggs. That's an invention you talk through, and by means of electricity, your words are carried to the party you are talking to at the other end of the line.

Zeb. Well, I'll be bonswoggled, you don't say so. I've heard tell of them things. Just trot her out and let me take a look at her. If they're any good, I'll have one put in the barn and every room in the house. I will be gosh! (*meanwhile* TAGGS *goes up to 'phone near window, rings bell*) Hello! here comes one of them fire-wagons.

(*goes and looks out of window*

Taggs. Hello central, give me the Commercial hotel, please!

Zeb. Well, he don't want much.

Taggs. Hello! is that you, Charlie? Yes—this is the kid. Say, Charlie, have you a guest by the name of Hickerson, Zeb. Hickerson? (ZEBERIAH *looks amazed*) Yes, I understand—well, he's here—he's a friend of mine, and I wish you'd send a cab after him. I'll keep him here until then—say, treat him right, he's O. K. All right, I'll tell him you wish to speak to him.

Zeb. O. K.—O. K.—what the dickens is that? Oh, I know—guessed it the fust time. O. K.—old kicker.

Taggs. Oh, no—O. K. means all right, but I say, the clerk at the hotel wants to speak to you.

Zeb. Well, where is he?

Taggs. He is in the office at the hotel.

Zeb. Well, tell him to come on. I'm a waitin' right here.

Taggs. He can't. You come here and I'll explain it to you. (*at 'phone*

Zeb. You get out—you want to get me hurted?

Taggs. Oh, no, there's no danger, only during a thunder storm.

Zeb. Yer sure they' ain't no real danger—the tarnel thing won't go off?

Taggs. Not the least bit of danger.

Zeb. All right, b'gosh, I'll try it. (*goes to 'phone*) Now what do I do?

Taggs. (*hands him receiver*) Place this to your ear, turn around and say hello!

Zeb. (*takes receiver, places it to his ear, his face away from 'phone*) Say, hello!

Taggs. No, no! not that way, sir!

Zeb. That's what you told me.

Taggs. Now turn around.

Zeb. Oh, you want me to haw, instead of gee! (*faces 'phone*

Taggs. Now say hello!

Zeb. Somebody's talkin'. (*laughs*

Taggs. Of course. Listen and hear what he says.

Zeb. (*drops receiver*) Tarnation thing tickles. (*crosses* R.

Taggs. Oh, no, that's all right. If you want to talk to the clerk, you'd better come on and do it, or central will cut you off.

Zeb. Cut me off? I'll cut him off. The idea of a man talkin' to me like that. (*puts receiver to his mouth*) I say, hello!

Taggs. Oh no, no, not that way.

Zeb. (*changes receiver to ear quickly*) You don't have to tell me twice about any of your new fangled fixins. I say, hello! What's that! I am, am I? (*drops receiver, gets furious*) Well, you just come out here and I'll show you pretty quick.

Taggs. What's the matter now?

Zeb. Matter? Matter enough! That feller in there said I was an old Reuben.

Taggs. (*laughs*) Sure, that was only the clerk having a little fun with you.

Zeb. Well, I'll have fun with him when I catch him, see if I don't. (*crosses* R.

Taggs. I guess you will, old man. (*goes to 'phone, rings off and hangs up receiver*) Say, old man, what brought you to New York?

Zeb. The steam cars. Did you think I walked?

Taggs. Oh, no, I mean why did you come?

Zeb. What be that to you? Say, who be you anyhow?

Taggs. You ask who I am—well sir, I'll tell you, I am the poor kid you fed out at your house a short time ago.

Zeb. Well, I'm jiggered.

Taggs. And if I'm not very much mistaken, you are looking for somebody. Come, tell me, and maybe I can help you.

Zeb. You guessed her fust trip. I be a looking fer somebody.

Taggs. I knew it—who is it?

Zeb. I be a lookin' fer my daughter.

Taggs. Your daughter—ah.

Zeb. Ye see, youngster, I was married at an early age, and two children, both daughters, was born to my wife, and we—well we just worshiped the ground they walked on, but when Mary was still a baby, she was stolen away from us. Well, the thing just broke her poor old mother's heart, and in less than a year we laid her to rest in the old church yard. Would ye believe me, I ain't heard tell of that child to this day.

Taggs. Why, that is too bad.

Zeb. Oh, it's too goldarned bad. Well, I was left all alone then, so I got the old woman's sister, Mandy, to keep house for me and look after my little gal—my little Rose, all that was left to me. We raised her up to be one of the finest gals in the neighborhood. We sent her to a female cemetery and got her eddicated, and made a lady of her, but while she was there, she met a smooth tongued chap by the name of Layton.

Taggs. Layton?

Zeb. Yes, did you ever hear tell o' him?

Taggs. Yes, I think I've heard the name before.

Zeb. Well, this here Layton was a nice looking young chap, and about a week ago when my daughter came home from the cemetery, he came there to see her, and she ran away with him that very same day. And she be the one I'm a looking for now.

Taggs. Well sir, I'll find her for you. (*crosses to* C.

Zeb. Good boy. I thought you'd help me. (*shakes hands*

Taggs. You see, old man, I knew more about your story than I pretented.

Zeb. You knew—?

Taggs. Yes, your daughter is safe, and I have guarded her as though she were my own sister.

Zeb. Why boy, how can I ever repay you?

Taggs. By not trying to. (*laughter heard off* L.) Sh—you had better take your leave, as someone is apt to return at any moment, and that might compromise matters, you know. (ZEBERIAH *gives a look of understanding—both move* R.) That door (*points* R.) leads to the side street. You are not likely to be seen going out that way.

(ZEBERIAH *looks wise—exeunt* R. E.

Enter ROSE, L. E.

Rose. How patient Richard has been, but to-night must end it all. I cannot put him off longer, and yet I am filled with a nameless dread. Richard loves me truly, I know. Yes, I will marry him at once, to-night, then we can return to father and tell him all. He will forgive me, I am sure. But Joe, what will he think—what must he think of me? Oh, but I have no right to think of Joe. I must think of Richard now, he who has been so generous, so kind. I will see him at once and tell him I will be his wife. (*looks off* R.) Ah, there is a stranger with him. I will retire to my room and await his coming. (*exit* L. E.

Enter TAGGS, R. E.

Enter VIOLET, C. E.—TAGGS *meets* VIOLET *and bows to her.*

Violet. Will you inform your master, a lady is waiting to see him. (TAGGS *bows and exits* R. E. VIOLET *comes down*—TAGGS *appears at* C. E. *and hides behind curtains*) And this is his house.

Taggs. (*aside, from behind curtains*) Wonder if she takes it for his stables.

Violet. Little he dreams I am so near.

Taggs. (*aside*) How could he dream when he ain't asleep.

(*laughs*

Violet. And this is justice. To-day he numbers his friends by the score, while I haven't one.

Taggs. (*aside*) Den we'se both in de same boat, ma'am.

Violet. And in a few minutes we'll meet face to face. Heaven give me strength to deal with this man, as I should, the man I once loved. Aye, still love, for try as I may, I cannot hate him. Though he seperated me from those I loved, made me an outcast, a pauper, I—I love him still.

Enter RICHARD, R. E.—*surprised.*

Richard. Violet!

Violet. I fancied you would be surprised. It's been so long since you saw me.

Richard. Well, what do you want? (*crosses* R.

Violet. Justice—only justice. (*crosses* L.

Richard. Justice? What do you mean?

Violet. You know very well what I mean.

Richard. I haven't the slightest idea.

Violet. Then I'll tell you. I am here to make you right the wrong you have done me —

Richard. Spare me a recital of your woes.

Violet. (*places hand on* RICHARD'S *arm, pleadingly*) Oh, Richard, how can you be so cruel? Won't you take me back again as your lawful wedded wife?

Richard. Fool! Are you going to spoil everything at the last moment? (*throws her off, goes to* C.) What you ask is impossible.

Violet. No, no! Richard, don't say that. (*kneels*) On my knees I beg of you.

Richard. I tell you I cannot.

Violet. You shall! So far I have helped you with your vile schemes—but now, now I shall —

Richard. (*throws her off again and goes to* L.) Careful how you threaten! Remember you are dealing with a desperate man. Come, Violet, let's reason this thing cooly. You can trust me.

Violet. (*rises*) Trust you? Sooner would I hold a scorpion to my cheek and trust it not to sting.

Richard. (*sits on sofa*) Then I'll speak plainly. I don't love you and never did—I wanted to get hold of the fortune which you inherited. Well I got it, and I must say, I lived pretty comfortable while it lasted, but it's gone now, and I'm obliged to say I have no further use for you. But I'll tell you what I'll do, Vi. Now I'm in love with Rose and intend to marry her. You keep your mouth

shut and I'll give you $5,000 as soon as the ceremony is over.

Violet. And do you think I'd touch one penny of the money gained by such villainy. No! I'd rather die.

Richard. (*crosses to* R.) Well, so much the more for me, then.

Violet. (*up to him*) Oh, man, have you no pity—no feeling—no heart? See to what a depth you have plunged me, but I swear, Richard Layton, that so long as I live, you shall never drag another innocent girl down to my level.

Richard. And how will you prevent it?

Violet. By exposing to her your perfidy.

Richard. She would not believe you.

Violet. (C.) You forget I have proofs.

Richard. (*goes to her*) What proof?

Violet. (*produces letters*) Some letters written by you to your darling wife.

Richard. (*snatches letters, throws her* R.) Now you can't prove it. (*letters behind him*

Taggs. (*comes forward and grabs letters, holds them up*) No, but Taggs can.

Richard. (*crosses* L.) You imp of satan! Give me those letters, or I'll —

Taggs. (*draws revolver on* RICHARD) Stay right where you are!

Enter SIDNEY, L. E., *hits* TAGGS *from behind, drops revolver as he falls*—JOE *enters* C. E., *hits* SIDNEY, *he falls*—RICHARD *hits* JOE, *he falls*—ZEBERIAH *enters* C. E., *hits* RICHARD, *who staggers against book-case, which turns over and breaks*—VIOLET *screams and falls in chair*—SIDNEY *recovers, he and* RICHARD *start for* ZEBERIAH, *who hits* SIDNEY, *he staggers*—TAGGS *strikes at* RICHARD *with chair*—RICHARD *catches it, grabs* TAGGS, *throws him through window,* (*glass crash*)—*all have recovered by this time*—ZEBERIAH *and* JOE R., SIDNEY *and* RICHARD L.—ROSE *appears* L., *starts* R. *and is thrown back by* RICHARD—JOE *and* ZEBERIAH *start* L., *both are thrown* R.—(*horse effects and gong heard off stage*)—JOE *and* ZEBERIAH *start* L. *again, and both are knocked down.*

Richard. The police! Quick, Sid., you take Rose and I'll take Violet. We can make our escape through the side door. Quick, or all will be lost.

RICHARD *takes* VIOLET *off* R. E., SIDNEY *struggles with* ROSE, *puts handkerchief over her face, she faints*—SIDNEY *starts* R.—JOE *recovers, gets* TAGG'S *revolver off of floor, grabs* SIDNEY, *takes* ROSE *in his arm, throws* SIDNEY R. *and levels revolver on him, backs up to* C. E. *with* ROSE *in his arm.*

Joe. Move an inch and I'll drop you!

Enter POLICE *and* TAGGS, R. E.

QUICK CURTAIN.

ACT III.

SCENE.—Double set—Rough room R., D. *in* F., *rough table and chairs, cup, saucer, bottle, knife, candle and stick on table— door* C. *of partition which leads to a handsomely furnished room, which has a* L. E.; *sideboard containing decanter and glasses—picture on wall, which is fixed to fall at a fixed time—screen, sofa and chairs about the room—* RACHEL *is discovered in rough room, sitting at table, drinking out of cup as curtain rises.*

Rachel. Ah, so our fine gentleman (*drinks*) has got his bird caged at last. (*drinks*) Vell, dot means more vork. (*drinks*) More vork — dot means more money. He always pays vell too. (*drinks —knock heard on door in flat*) Yes, I am coming. Dot must be the captain. (*knock heard again*) Vell, vait a minute.

(*hobbles up stage, unfastens and opens door*

Enter ISAAC, D. *in* F. *fastens door, both come down to table.*

Isaac. Has anyone been here vile I vas gone?

Rachel. Yes, de captain vas here, and he will be back soon. He gave strict orders to keep every von out. He said he would have plenty vork to keep us busy for a few days, and he vill pay us well.

Isaac. Ah! he always does pay well, and his orders shall be obeyed, Rachel.

Rachel. Yes, it always pays to obey de captain's orders, because he's got plenty of money, and he does not mind to part mit it. But Isaac, how did you come out mit that last shipment of goods?

Isaac. Oh, it vent mitout any trouble. I sent it C. O. D.

Rachel. I am afraid, Isaac, you vas too bold. Somebody might suspect. You haf been sending so much out lately.

Isaac. Ah, dere is no danger of that. I send it out from de store over on Baxter St. (*knock heard on* D. *in* F.) Ah, some one is at de door.

Rachel. Vell, vy don't you go and see who it is?

Isaac. (*goes to door*) Who is dere?

Taggs. (*heard from outside*) Sue Lee.

Isaac. Vell, vot you vant?

Taggs. Me bling washee.

Isaac. For who vas it?

Taggs. Mellican man.

Isaac. Vell; he is not here now. Yon come back later mit it.

Taggs. Sue Lee no waitee. Mellican man say bling washee here. Me no can waitee.

Isaac. (*turns to* RACHEL) Rachel, it vas de Chinaman mit de captain's vash. Shall ve let him in?

Rachel. No, let him vait till de captain comes.

Isaac. Ah! he vas sent by de captain, ve vill let him in.

Rachel. I say no!

Isaac. I say ve vill.

Rachel. All right, as you please, but I vash my hands from de whole business.

Isaac. (*turns to door*) Vat is der name on de laundry?

Taggs. Me no readee. Sue Lee see name on lapper, sound like Mr. Laton, allee samee Mellican man wantee washee.

Isaac. (*unfastens and opens door*) Vell, give me de bundle.

ISAAC *takes bundle and puts it on table—at this instant, picture falls from wall in room* L.—*both start.*

Rachel. Vot vas dot. (*goes* L. *quickly, opens door, sees picture on floor —stands horrified, wringing hands*) Oh, Ikey! oh, Ikey—look, look! a picture has fallen!

(*meanwhile* ISAAC *has run in also, and stands horrified*

Enter TAGGS, D. *in* F., *disguised as a Chinaman, hides under table.*

(RACHEL *and* ISAAC *in room* L.) Oh, Ikey, dot means something. Something terrible vas going to happen! (*starts to pick it up*

Isaac. (*exclaims*) Oh, don't! don't for your life! don't you touch dot picture! Ven a picture falls from de vall, dot means dot some von in de family vas goin' to die.

Rachel. Oh, yes, I know it does. I vonder who it vill be? Do you feel sick, Ikey?

Isaac. No, but come, let's go back and fasten de door tight. (*both return to room* R.) I vonder where dot Chinaman vent too? I guess he must have been scared out. (*shuts door and fastens it*)

Rachel. (*picks up bundle of laundry, looks at it*) Yes, dis vas de captain's laundry. I vill put it in his room. (*starts* L.

Isaac. No, don't you do it! You keep avay from dot room. I ain't superstitious, only don't you go in that room any more to-night. Something's sure to happen if you do. (RACHEL *lays bundle back on table*) You bet no von vill come in dis door dis night, only—vhat de captain brings in himself. (*knock heard on* D. *in* F.

Rachel. Vot is, Ikey. Some von is knocking.

Isaac. (*goes to door*) Who is dere?

Richard. (*from without*) The captain.

Isaac. (*opens door*) All right, captain, come right in.

Enter RICHARD, D. *in* F., *slightly intoxicated.*

Richard. Any one been here?

Isaac. Yes, a Chinaman brought your vash.

Richard. What! the chink delivering laundry at this hour of night. Well, I'm glad he brought it anyhow, because I need it. Where's the girl?

Isaac. } In our room, captain.
Rachel. }

Richard. Has she given you any trouble?

Rachel. No, I gave her the strong dose. She sleeps plenty good.

Richard. (*to* ISAAC) Did you search her?

Isaac. Of course I did.

Richard. What did you find?

Isaac. Some jewelry.

Richard Find any letters or papers of any kind?

Isaac. Nothing but some rings and a vatch.

Richard. Just my luck! I might have known, after last night's excitement, she'd place those papers in some one's care for safety. I let her get away on purpose, so that she could see that brat Taggs and give him the letters.

Rachel. Taggs?

Richard. Yes, do you know the kid?

Rachel. Yes, he used to come around here purty much on cold nights, last winter, hunting a place to sleep.

Isaac. He vas in my store on Baxter St. to-day.

Richard. Curse the brat. Perhaps she did not see him yesterday. If you see him again, bring him here and detain him until I come

Isaac. All right, captain, if you pay me for it, you know.

Richard. Of course! Don't I always pay well?

Isaac. Of course, but I always vanted to be understood, you know. Dot is all.

Richard. There's no danger of a misunderstanding on that point. Well, we've got a hard night's work before us. Go and bring the girl, then you may both retire until I call.

Isaac. All right.

(*exit* ISAAC *and* RACHEL, R. E.—*rattle of chain heard*

Richard. (*goes to room* L., *through door in partition*) In the meantime I'll take a bracer, (*goes to sideboard and drinks, then returns as-*

Enter VIOLET, R. E.—*they face each other.*

Violet. Richard!

Richard. You're surprised to see me! Well, it has been sometime since we met. (*laughs*

Violet. Oh, Richard, what do you mean? Last night you promised so faithfully to put the old life away, to be a different man, if only I would forgive and forget the past, and all that has transpired, Richard, I promised and would have kept that promise to the end—

Richard. But you won't now, eh? (*laughs*) Indeed, I'm very sorry. Say, Violet, did you get back those interesting letters you hold against me, from that brat, Taggs?

Violet. I refuse to answer your question.

Richard. Indeed! (*shrugs shoulder*) See here, Violet, I advise you to listen to reason. You have those letters and I know it. Give them up, sign this paper (*takes paper from pocket*) leave here at once and forever, or by heaven I'll kill you!

(*raises hand over her, she kneels with outstretched arms*

Violet. Strike, coward!

Richard. Will you do as I say?

Violet. May I see the paper you wish me to sign? (RICHARD *hands paper—she looks at it throws it to floor*) What, sign this, declaring that I am not your wife. No!—I'll die first.

Richard. (*shrugs shoulders*) Die, eh! And so you shall—of solitary confinement. (*calls*) Here, Isaac!

Enter ISAAC, R. E.

Isaac. Vat is de matter?

Richard. Take this woman and put her in the dungeon. Give her neither food nor drink.

Violet. (*kneels to* RICHARD, *takes his hand pleading*) No, no, Richard, you could not be so cruel.

Richard. (*throws her off*) Take your hands from me. Isaac, away with her.

Isaac. (*helps her up*) Come along my charming visitor—I vill show

you to your room.

Violet. (*rises, jerks away from* ISAAC) Release me! I'll go alone. (*goes to door* R. *—turns to* RICHARD) Richard Layton, do your worst, but remember, there shall be a day of reckoning. I shall find some means of escape, and my revenge shall haunt you to your grave—to your grave, Richard Layton! (*exit* R. E., ISAAC *follows*

Rachard. (*watches them exit, shrugs shoulders and laughs*) Revenge, eh? Curse her, she'll do it, too, if she lives—but she'll not live.

(*goes to room* L., *takes drink from sideboard*

Taggs. (*comes out from under table cautiously*) Mellican man killee Mellican gal. No, Mellican man no killee Mellican gal. Sue Lee watchee the Jew where he put the key, and help Mellican gal.

(*exit* R. E.—*rap heard on door in flat*

Enter RACHEL, R. E., *crosses to door* L., *calls.*

Rachel. Captain, some vou is knocking.

Richard. Well, go see who it is. (*goes to door in partition*

Rachel. (*at* D. *in* F.) Who is it?

(BARKLEY *raps three times slowly, then three times in rapid succession*

Richard. It's all right. Open the door. (RACHEL *opens door*

Enter BARKLEY, D. *in* F., *carrying* ROSE, *who is unconscious, puts her on chair near table*—RACHEL *closes door.*

Barkley. Now, some more of yer infernal dirty work completed.

Richard. No, you have completed nothing. A nice mess you made of it, trying to get that deed.

Barkley. Well, I am sure I had it when I left the house, and—

Richard. Well, never mind your explanation now. How did you capture the girl?

Barkley. Well, in accordance with your instructions, I brought my old top buggy from home. I sent a boy up to the hotel with a note, while Joe Wilson was away, bearing his signature and asking her to meet him at a place designated, at a certain time. She came and was somewhat surprised to see me instead of Wilson, so I threw a chloroformed handkerchief over her face, and she keeled over without a murmur.

Richard. And are you sure you were not seen?

Barkley. Certain, but this is a queer looking place to bring Rose. What are you going to do with her?

Richard. (*hands him money*) Don't get too inquisitive.

Barkley. (*caresses money*) Ah, more money! (*chuckles*) Nice, good money—all mine—all mine— (*chuckles*

Rachel. (*watches him closely*) Oh, mine gracious, he loves dot money better den vot I do yet.

Richard. Here, Squire, you take her in the other room and place her on the sofa.

Barkley. All right, young stranger—all right.

BARKLEY *carries* ROSE *in room* L. *and lays her on sofa, partly conceals her behind screen, then returns to room* R.—*rap heard on* D. *in* F.

Richard. (*calls*) Isaac!

Enter ISAAC, R. E.

Isaac. Vat's de matter?

Richard. Someone's at the door. See who it is. (*to* BARKLEY) You come in here.

RICHARD *takes* BARKLEY *to room* L., *and he exits off* L.—RICHARD *at door in partition, listening.*

Isaac. (*at* D. *in* F.) Who is it?

Joe. (*heard from outside*) It's Mickey Dunn.

Isaac. Vat is?

Joe. I got some plunder to sell you.

Richard. Let him in. See what he looks like.

(*closes door and listens inside*—ISAAC *opens door*

Enter JOE, D. *in* F., *disguised as a tramp, with bag of jewels, watches, etc., comes down* ISAAC *closes door and follows.*

Isaac. Now vat you got?

Joe. Me? Why I'se got a whole load of plunder. You de main gazabo?

Isaac. I am de gentleman vot does de buying.

Joe. Well, what'll you give me fer the lot. Look at 'em.

(*lays them down on table,* ISAAC *looks at them*

Isaac. Dey are vorth $10.

Joe. Say, what's you given me? Dere's three hundred dollars worth of plunder dere.

Isaac. Vell, dot is all I can give you.

Joe. Well, give me de ten.

ISAAC *hands Joe money,* RICHARD, *who has been listening, comes in from* L., ISAAC *exits* R. E.

Richard. (*aside*) The very man for me. (*aloud*) Hello, my man! Made a good haul, eh?

Joe. I certainly did.

Richard. How would you like to earn a large sum of money to-night? Say, fifty times as much as you have just received?

Joe. Workin' is clear out of me line, pard.

Richard. The work I have in mind, will not take you more than five minutes. I want you to rid the earth of a certain party I have in captivity here.

Joe. Oh, you'se want me to kill somebody, eh?

Richard. (*starts*) Y-e-s- that's it.

Joe. And you'se willin' to give me fifty times as much as I go to-night? Say, how much is that?

Richard. Five hundred dollars.

Joe. (*draws knife from belt*) Bring out de fatted calf.

Richard. You step in here, (*opens door* L.) until I'm ready for you. (JOE *enters room* L., *consumes the time by looking at everything closely, takes drink from sideboard, etc., finally sees* ROSE, *is much surprised—meanwhile* RICHARD *has closed door and calls*) Isaac!

Enter ISAAC, R. E.

Isaac. Vat you want?

Richard. Bring that girl out here again.

Isaac. All right. (*exit* R. E.

Richard. Now I'll see if I can't bring her to her senses. (*goes to door* L. *and sees* JOE *at sideboard, pouring drink into a glass*) What are you doing there?

Joe. (*startled*) Well, I—you see—I heard you coming, and I thought you might be dry. Have a drink, pard. (*offers glass*

Richard. (*takes a drink*) Now help yourself.

(*goes to room* R. *and closes door*

Joe. Tanks fer de kind offerings. (*takes a drink*

Enter ISAAC, R. E., *with* VIOLET.

Isaac. Now here she vas.

Richard. (*to* ISAAC) You may go now.

Isaac. All right. (*exit* R. E.

Richard. Violet, I have changed my mind. If you still refuse to do as I ask, I mean to kill you at once.

Violet. Richard Layton, you are mean enough to do it, but you will not kill me, because you are a coward.

Richard. Once for all, will you do as I ask?

Violet. No! Kill me, Richard. (*laughs*

Richard. You damned hussey! (*starts for* VIOLET, *she kneels with outstretched arms—picture*—RICHARD *opens door* L., *calls*) Here, you! I am ready for you now. (JOE *goes to room*, R.) There she is—now do your work.

VIOLET *starts*—JOE *staggers down to* VIOLET, *draws knife, she cringing with fear.*

Violet. No, no, man! have mercy, mercy!

Joe. (*with a sort of drunken laugh*) So this is the fatted calf, eh? (*laughs*) Well, I tell you pard, I'm a pretty tough mug myself, and I've done lots of things that wasn't exactly honorable, but when it comes to murderin' an innocent woman in cold blood, I'll be darned if I'll do it.

Richard. Stand aside you chicken hearted fool. (*starts to* VIOLET

Joe. Hold on there pard! To reach that woman, you'll have to cross the dead body of Mickey Dunn. See! (VIOLET *rises*

ISAAC *appears* R. *during latter part of speech—pauses for a moment, then slips up from behind and knocks* JOE *unconscious with bottle he takes from table* RICHARD *grabs* VIOLET, *they struggle*—TAGGS *enters* R. E., *knocks* ISAAC *unconscious*—RACHEL *enters* R. E., *he also knocks her unconscious, then grabs* RICHARD, *they struggle, throws him* L., *runs with* VIOLET *to* D. *in* F.

Richard. (*starts for him*) You cursed chink.

Taggs. (*at door*) No, not a chink, but Taggs, at your service.

(*pulls revolver and throws off wig*—BARKLEY *appears* L. E.

Richard. Damnation!

TAGGS *and* VIOLET *disappear*—RICHARD *leans against table with dejected look.*

Enter BARKLEY, L. E., *with newspaper in hand.*

Barkley. Did I hear you mention Carrie Nation?

Richard. No.

Barkley. Well, I was just reading in the Temperance Advocate that—

Richard. Curse the Temperance Advocate.

Barkley. Ah—what?

Richard. Barkley, the game's up. Taggs is on to us—he has been here and taken Violet away. The police will be down on us in a minute. You'd better go while there's time.

Barkley. (*starts for* D. *in* F.) Yes, I think the atmosphere is a bit stifling in here anyway. (*exit* D. *in* F.

Richard. (*follows him to door and fastens it, then comes down*) Curse them, they've caught me like a rat in a hole. I feel all unstrung. (*goes to room* L.) Another drink—drink is what I want—something to steady my nerves. (*gets a drink at sideboard, removes screen and looks at* ROSE—*laughs*) So you escaped his sight, eh, Rose? (*laughs*

Rose. (*awakening gradually*) Why, what is this—where am I—why—I—I—(*sees* RICHARD, *screams and springs to her feet*) Mr. Layton, what does this mean?

Richard. It means that we are here alone. (*removes coat and vest*) I have tried every honorable means of making you my wife. Fate has been against me. But now you shall be mine by fair or foul means.

Rose. Mr. Layton, you do not know what you are saying. You cannot make me your wife, for you already have one.

Richard. No, I have no wife. I love you and only you, and have loved you from the first. It was I who had you brought here to-night. The officers are after me. (JOE *rouses slowly and staggers to door* L.) In less than a half hour they'll be here. There is no chance for my escape now. My crimes will convict me for life, but you—you at least shall not escape me.

RICHARD *starts for* ROSE—*she screams.* JOE *rushes in from* R., *throws* RICHARD L.—RICHARD *starts for* JOE, *they clinch and struggle*—JOE *throws* RICHARD L., *who lies unconscious on floor.*

Joe. Now Miss, you're at liberty to go.

ROSE *goes to room* R., *and starts for* D. *in* F.—RACHEL *and* ISAAC *have recovered*—RACHEL *catches* ROSE *and pushes her* R., ISAAC *behind door* L.

Rachel. I guess not!

ISAAC *and* RACHEL *grab* JOE *and bind him to chair with light rope* ISAAC *takes from his pocket*—*during struggle* JOE *looses his beard.*

Rose. (*recognizes* JOE) Joe!

Joe. Yes, Rose, it is I. I feared you might come to some harm.

Richard. (*arouses at last speech and enters rough room from* L.) Joe Wilson, ah! (*laughs*) So you have crossed my path again. Well, my fine country friend, you have played your part well, but now curse you, I'll make short work of you!

RICHARD *starts for* JOE *with knife, at same time* ROSE *screams, takes knife from table and runs to* JOE, *cuts him loose*—JOE *rises quickly and knocks* RICHARD *unconscious*—ROSE *opens* D. *in* F. *quickly*—ISAAC *and* RACHEL *start for* JOE. RICHARD *recovers slowly*—TAGGS *appears at* D. *in* F., *with two revolvers, points one on* ISAAC *and the other on* RACHEL *picture.*

Taggs. Not so fast my Jewish friends. (*uses Jewish dialect*

CURTAIN.

ACT IV.

SCENE—Old fashioned kitchen in HICKERSON'S *country home—door* R. C., *window* L. C.; *fireplace* L. *with a mantel, on which are flower pots and plants, cigar box containing pipe, tobacco and matches—table* L. C.: *six chairs about stage; stove* R.; *barrel up* L.; *kitchen table near stove with a crock, butter bowl and ladle on same; easy chair near fireplace—snow storm effect off stage*—MANDY *discovered* L. *near fireplace churning, as curtain rises.*

Mandy. (*calls*) Baldy, Baldy! I say, Baldy!
Baldy. (*heard off* R.) Well!

Enter BALDY, R. E., *reading book and carrying pitchfork.*

Mandy. What on earth are you bringing that pitchfork in the house for?
Baldy. Handle's loose. Brought it in fer uncle Zeb to fix. (*places pitchfork* L.
Mandy. Come here. I want you to finish churning (BALDY *goes to churn*) this butter, while I get supper ready, fer Zeb'll be here purty soon with the folks. It's about time now. But I suppose he's stopped somewhere gossipin' with the neighbors. (*busies herself—goes to window—wind heard blow—she shivers*) My! how the wind is a-blowin'. I hain't seen sech a spell of weather hang on like this since '59, the time aunt Sarah's rooster got his feet froze. Baldy, did you do the feedin' as I told you to?
Baldy. Taggs is doin' it.
Mandy. Well, Baldy, hain't you ashamed o' yourself to let that youngster do all the feedin' by hisself.
Baldy. Well, I fed 'em last Sunday.
Mandy. Yes, and you hain't fed 'em since. I do believe you're the laziest, tormentin' critter that ever lived. Hurry up now and churn that butter.
Baldy. (*churns real fast, bumps nose with churn dasher, grabs nose, goes up stage, then to fireplace, stands under mantel*) Now, that settles it. I ain't agoin' to churn another bit—no sir, not another bit.

BALDY *raises hand, strikes mantel above, knocks flower pots down, they fall all over him—he grabs head.*

Mandy. Sakes alive, Baldy, ain't you got a bit o' sense. Now you pick up them things and finish churnin' that butter. (*exit* R. E.
Baldy. (*pick up flowers and pots slowly, then comes down to churn—*

picks up book—churns slowly, then almost stops, as reading book all the while) Shucks, every time I git started readin' my Extracts from Hostetter's, I haf to do somethin' else, and it's an awful funny book, and I jist love to read it. Here is an awful funny thing. Dr. McManus: "Let me feel your pulse, Mike." Mike: "Sure, sir, it seems to beat the hardest where the brick hit me on the head." (*laughs uproariously*) This is an awful funny book. Prisoner: "I prefer shootin' to hangin', Judge." Judge: "Well, most of us would rather see a hangin', so we'll hang you first and shoot you afterwards. That'll make it satisfactory all around." (*scratches his head—does not comprehend—repeats and finally sees the point—laughs uproariously*) Extracts from Hostetters; it's an awful funny book. Aunt Hannah; "Look aheah, nigger, doan yo' know you'll git de melancholy ob de stomach, if you eat so much watermelon?" (*laughs*) Oh, my, but Extracts from Hostetters is an awful funny book. Myrtle: "Mr. Readymoney told me last night at the party, that my face was a poem." Rose: "How mean of him to refer to the lines." (*fails to comprehend—scratches head over and over*) "Why is a goat nearly?" Answer; "Because it's all but." (*hesitates for a moment, then sees point—laughs as before*) Hostetters is an awful funny book.

(*churns slowly, at same time looking at book*

Enter MANDY, R. E.

Mandy. Baldy, ain't you got that butter churned yet?

(*goes to churn*

Baldy. (*churns rapidly as* MANDY *speaks*) Yep, I think it's a-comin'.

Mandy. (*looks in churn*) Tain't comin', no sich a thing. Guess you've had yer nose stuck in that plague taked Hostetter's Bitter book again. Do hurry now, Baldy, and finish churnin' the butter.

(*busy at table—sleigh bells heard faintly off stage*

Baldy. All right, Aunt Mandy, I'll hurry. (*churns lively—sings*) "Come, butter come—come, butter come; Peter stands at the gate with a hot honey cake. Come, butter come."

(*bells get gradually louder*

Mandy. (*at window*) Sakes alive! I do believe the folks are a-comin' now, and supper ain't more an started. Do hurry now, Baldy. (*busies herself at table—bells stop—rap heard on* R. C. D.—MANDY *opens door—wind howls, snow blows in door*) Sakes alive! if it ain't Mr. Layton. Do come in out of the cold.

Enter RICHARD, R. C, E.

Have a chair up here by the fire. My, hain't you nearly froze?

(*brushes chair with apron near fireplace*

Richard. (*removes overcoat, etc., sits by fire warming his hands*) Well no, not exactly. You see I am dressed for the weather.

Mandy. Well, I calculate as how a person must have pretty important business to be out in sich weather as this.

Richard. Yes, it is business of great importance that brings me out to-night. Where is Mr. Hickerson?

Mandy. He went to the city this mornin' and tuck all the folks with him but me and—

Baldy. (*at churn*) And me.

Mandy. Me and Baldy.

Richard. Do you expect him home soon?

Mandy. Most any minute now. I thought it was him when I heard you a-comin'. Is it with him you've got business or—(*embarrassed*) Maybe 'tain't none of my business.

Richard. Ah, as you are a relative and his housekeeper, it may prove interesting to you as well. Yes, it is he whom I came to see.

Mandy. Yes. (*expectantly*

Richard. It may surprise you to learn that some years ago, Mr. Hickerson gave Squire Barkley the title deed to this property for a sum of money. The deed has recently been transferred to me by way of sale, and I have come to take possession.

Mandy. Oh, sir! you don't mean that.

Richard. I am sincere. On one condition only will he be allowed to remain on the farm.

Mandy. And that condition is—

Richard. That Rose becomes my wife.

Mandy. That will never be, for she is going to marry Joe Wilson, and even if our gal was willin', we'd all rather starve than see her the wife of sich a low-down scoundrel as we know you to be.

Richard. Why, you old hussy, if it wasn't for your age, and that you are a woman, I'd choke those infernal words down your throat.

Baldy. (*stops churning and comes down*) Well, I ain't no old woman and I ain't no little boy neither, and what Aunt Mandy has jist said, is my sentiments too. Now choke 'em down my throat.

Richard. Why, you insolent puppy, I'll throttle you in about a minute. (*starts for* BALDY

Baldy. (*grabs pitchfork*) Yes, and I'll ram this pitchfork clean through you durin' that same minute. (*holds* RICHARD *at bay*) Now see here, Mr. Layton, this house belongs to Uncle Zeb., and I be a workin' fer him, and as long as he ain't here, it's my duty to be boss. There's the door—I reckon as how you'd better go. (*crowds him out with pitchfork—exit* RICHARD R. C. E., *takes overcoat and hat with him—*BALDY *turns to* MANDY) Aunt Mandy, I believe butter has come.

(BALDY *replaces pitchfork—sleigh bells ring, they gradually stop*

Mandy. (*goes to churn, takes out butter, puts it in wooden bowl she gets from kitchen table*) Yes, Baldy, it's gathered nice as can be. Now you can take the churn and empty the milk in that crock, (*indicates crock on table*) and I'll give you a drink of nice butter-milk.

Baldy. (*empties milk in crock*) Now, there it be. Now give me my butter-milk.

BALDY *sits churn on floor*—MANDY *dips out cup of milk and hands it to* BALDY.

Enter TAGGS, R. C. E. *with lighted lantern.*

Mandy. Oh, Taggs, you be jist in time. Here's a nice cup of fresh butter-milk fer you. (*hands him a cup*

Taggs. Thank you, Aunt Mandy. (*takes milk, goes to fireplace, takes off gloves, cap, coat, etc.*) My, but it's cold to-night. (*drinks milk*) Baldy, I'll play you a game of checkers.

Baldy. (*starts for checkerboard*) All right.

Mandy. (*busy at stove*) Never mind startin' any checkers now. Supper'll soon be ready. You can lay the cloth and set the table. (BALDY *and* TAGGS *get to work getting the table, etc.*) I reckon the folks

'll soon be here, and I'm jest a dyin' to tell Zeb about Mr. Layton bein' here again. (*sleighbells heard off* L., *gradually louder*

Taggs. Has dat guy been here again?

Mandy. Yes, and there's no tellin' what mischief he's up too, and might ha' done, if it hadn't been fer Baldy.

Taggs. Say, why didn't you'se send fer me? I'd a give dat bloke an uppor cut dat'd a sent him to New York —See!

Mandy. (*goes to window*) The folks are comin' now. Do hurry, boys, fer you know they'll all be cold and hungry when they get in. (*all busy setting the table — bells stop*

Enter ZEB, JOE, VIOLET *and* ROSE, R. C. E.—*all heavily wrapped*— BALDY *and* TAGGS *assist them in taking off wraps and bundles*— VIOLET *carries a hatbox with a hat in it, hands it to* BALDY, *who sets it on floor —all busy removing wraps, etc.*

Zeb. (*as he enters*) Ah, Mandy, here we be all safe and sound. Bless my soul if she ain't got the supper hot and steamin' fer us. My, but that coffee smells good. (*removes hat, coat, etc.*

Rose. See here, Aunt Mandy, I brought you a nice present, (*hands her bundle*) something which I think you will like. It's a new dress.

Mandy. (*takes bundle, opens it, spreads out black cloth —all ladies and* BALDY *gather up close to see dress*) Sakes alive! a black grenadine. That's somethin' I've been a wanted for thirty years. My, ain't it fine.

Zeb. Baldy, yer always stickin' your nose in the women's affairs. Come away! (*grabs him, swings him around, he sets on hatbox*

Baldy. (*rises, picks up box and hat smashed flat —places hat between lid, hands it to* VIOLET) Here's a ham sandwich fer ye. I didn't try to hep it. (*exit* TAGGS, R. C. E., *with lantern*

Mandy. Sakes alive, Baldy, I do reckon you're the awkwardest boy that ever lived! Pick up them things quick as you kin, and put 'em in the other room.

(BALDY *picks up bundles, etc., carries them off* L.

Re-enter BALDY, L. E.

Hurry now, and put the chairs to the table. (BALDY *places chairs to table*) Come on, all of you, supper's a spilin'.

(*all but* MANDY *and* TAGGS *sit at table,* ZEB *at head*

Zeb. Pass yer plates now, and let me help you to some o' this bacon. Gosh, it smells good after the long drive in the cold.

*All pass plates, one after the other—busy eating—*MANDY *pours out coffee to all.*

Mandy. Zeb, who do you reckon was here this evening?

Zeb. Don't know, Mandy. Deacon Housford?

Mandy. No, it wasn't Deacon Housford, it was Richard Layton.

Zeb. (*all look surprised*) Richard Layton! Well, I calculate he'll git his nose nipped off drivin' out in sich weather as this. What'd he want?

Mandy. Said as how he wanted to see you. Reckon he'll be back. Well, I reckon he'd a stayed, but Baldy, thar, he had to git smart and drive him out with a pitch-fork. He's always a meddlin' where he hadn't orter.

Baldy. Well, he got sassy—called her an old hussy.

Zeb. Well, tarnation take him, if I had him here now, I'd trounce him good.

Mandy. He said as how you had sold this farm to Squire Barkley years ago, for a debt, and that he had bought it from the Squire and wanted to take possession.

Zeb. (*pushes chair away from table*) What?

Rose. (*rises and goes to* ZEB) Oh, father, is it true then?

Zeb. What, little gal?

Rose. That you are indebted to this man?

Zeb. What in Sam Hill are you all talking about?

Rose. Simply this, father: It was for that very reason I left with Mr. Layton. He told me you were indebted to Squire Barkley, and that you had given him the title deed to the farm, but that you were to have life time possession. That Barkley had recently discovered that the contract was not binding, and was determined to sell. Mr. Layton agreed to buy the place and give it back to you, when I became his wife.

Zeb. Well, I'll be tuckered! Why didn't you tell me this afore?

Rose. Because, father, after I came back home, I did not believe it to be true.

Zeb. Well darn it, it ain't.

Rose. Oh father, I am so glad, for it was for that reason only, I would have married him.

Zeb. Well, I'm tarnal glad you didn't, but take these supper things away. I feel it in my bones that he's going to start a humbug to-night.

Everybody rise—MANDY *clears things away*—BALDY *exit* R. E.—ZEB *goes to mantel and fills pipe.*

Rose. Joe, will you come with me to the sitting-room?

Joe. With pleasure, but before we go, I have an important question I wish to ask you in the presence of aunt Mandy, your father and everybody here.

Rose. What is it, Joe?

Joe. You have been away to a fashionable seminary and you've got an education—I ain't nothin' but just plain country folks, with no more education than the law allows me, but Rose, I love you as much as it is possible for a man to love any woman, and if you don't think I am asking too much, and you think you could ever care for such as me, I want you to be my wife.

Rose. Why Joe, my education has not made of me the fickle minded girl that you seem to think me. I have loved you ever since we were children, and would have given my consent long ago just for the asking.

Zeb. I knew it. Ye see Joe, if ye'd had a little more spunk, ye'd saved all this trouble.

Joe. That's right, uncle Zeb, but heaven grant that our troubles are over now, and with Rose as my wife, we will try and forget the past. (*they embrace*

Zeb. Skido there you youngsters. Don't you think you had better go in the sitting-room by yourselves to do your sparkin'?

Rose. (*laughing*) Come, Joe. (*exit* ROSE *and* JOE, L. E.

Zeb. (*sits down near fireplace—to* VIOLET) Sit down and make yer-

self to home.

Violet. (*sits near fireplace*) It's curious, uncle Zeb—may I call you uncle Zeb? (ZEB *nods*) But I feel just as if this had always been my home—as if I had always lived here.

Mandy. (*gets shawl*) I've got to go and lock them pesky chickens up, or they'll freeze. I never saw weather hang on like this.

(*exit* R. E.

Zeb. Well now, Violet, that we are alone, and you're goin' to make this your home, I'd like fer you to tell me somethin' about yourself.

Violet. I am afraid, uncle Zeb, there is little to tell. You see, I never knew a mother or father.

Zeb. Both dead, I reckon?

Violet. I don't know. When I was a very small child, I was adopted by a wealthy family. They had found me in a coal-shed one dark cold night. The citizens first gave me the name of Mercy Coal, and decided to send me to the orphans home, but the woman who found me took a fancy for me, and adopted me and gave me her own name, Violet McMurtry. I lived with them until I was of age, then I met and married Richard Layton. My foster parents did not live long, and as they had no children of their own, all their wealth was left to me, but my money, under the control of Richard Layton, did not last long, and when it was gone, he deserted me. Then I become desperate. He unfolded his vile plans to me, and promised if I would help him to gain possession of your farm, to lead a different life, and take me back as his wife. At first I resolved to help him, unmindful of the misery it would cause others, but when the time came, I could not—I could not!

Zeb. And why is he so anxious to get possession of my farm?

Violet. He said that untold wealth was lying beneath it—but it was all to throw me off—all he wanted was your daughter Rose.

Zeb. And you have no inkling as to who your mother was?

Violet. Not the least. When I left my foster mother, she gave me a locket. It was on my neck when I was found, and contained a photograph of a woman, which she said might possibly be my mother. I have worn it always next to my heart, and loving it as though I knew it were my own mother. (*takes locket off, hands it to* ZEB—*he looks at it and starts—rises, goes quietly to mantel and gets small case with photo in it—compares the two, then hands them to* VIOLET, *she rises*) They are the same.

Zeb. My child, it is your mother, and she was my wife.

Violet. Father, father! (*they embrace*

Zeb. Mary, Mary, my own little gal. Ah, child, I can see (*sleigh bells heard off stage*) it all now. You were stolen from me when you were a little baby. I could not find you, but He who guides us (*points up*) through life, has brought you back to your old dad. But come, Mary, let's tell the others this grand, glorious news. (*crosses* R.) I have found my Mary.

(*bells louder and stop—rap heard on* R. C. E.

Enter MANDY, ROSE, JOE *and* BALDY, R. C. E.

Ah, child, your face is jist like yer mother's, and yer—(*rap heard on* R. C. D.) Somebody's knockin'. (*opens door*) Come in, stranger,

Enter MR. PEARCE, R. C. E.

and have a seat by the fire.

(*offers chair—he does not sit, but unbuttons coat, shakes off snow, etc.*

Pearce. Pardon my intrusion, but I am here on a matter of importance. We, the firm of Pearce, Reed & Co., sent our Agt., Mr. Layton, here some months ago, to negotiate with you, regarding a rich vein of coal that was found on your land by our men, while doing some underground work, a half mile east of our shaft. He has continually reported that he could not make satisfactory arrangements, so I have called to see what agreement we can come to.

Zeb. Tarnations, he never told me nothin' about it.

Pearce. Is that a fact! Well, if you can show conclusively that you own a clear title deed to this place, we are willing to pay you liberally for the privilege of mining the coal.

Zeb. Well, I ain't got no objections to that, and if ye'll wait jist a minute, I'll fetch the deed out and show it to you. (*exit* R. E.

Mandy. (*bells heard off stage—to* PEARCE) Won't you take off yer things and sit down by the fire while yer waitin'?

(*bells louder and stop*

Pearce. I thank you.

PEARCE *removes coat, etc., and sits—rap heard on* R. C. *door*—MANDY *opens door.*

Mandy. Come in.

Enter RICHARD, R. C. E., *with* CONSTABLE, *walks to fireplace, not noticing* PEARCE, *whose back is turned.*

Enter ZEB, R. E.

Zeb. Well, tarnation take me, I've looked everywhere for that pesky deed, and I'll be darned if I can find it anywhere.

Richard. Perhaps I can throw a little light on the subject.

Zeb. You!

Enter TAGGS, R. E.

Richard. Yes, I—Squire Barkley was the rightful owner of this place, and held possession of the deed, but I have recently purchased it from him and here it is. (*takes paper from pocket*

Taggs. (*comes forward*) Oh, say, I got a little information dat'll knock your'se a twister. You know de day I come here last summer? Well, I sees de old geezer what hangs around wid dat bloke cop, a piece of paper out of dis house. I followed him out in de yard and see him drop it, and I picks it up and gives him another piece of paper—I keeps de real t'ing myself, and put it in that old coat I left here, instead of the one Mr. Joe gave me. You throwed it in the rag barrel, (*gets coat out of barrel and takes paper from pocket*) and here it is.

Constable. Hold on! I've come to arrest somebody—I reckon I better take you. (*puts handcuffs on* RICHARD

Zeb. Well, I'm tuckered.

JOE *and* ROSE *near* R. E., VIOLET L., PEARCE *and* BALDY L. C., ZEB, MANDY *and* TAGGS C., RICHARD *and* CONSTABLE R. C.

CURTAIN.

THE END.

SYNOPSIS OF EVENTS.

ACT I.—Uncle Zeb's farm—Zeb. makes his toilet in anticipation of his daughter's homecoming—Joe, her girlhood's chum—The villain appears—Richard plots to rob the farmer of his land—Taggs, a waif, finds a friend in Uncle Zeb.—Barkley, the jealous miser—Plotting to steal the deed of the farm—Rose's return and the meeting of Richard—She consents to become Richards wife to save her father's home—"Little gal, your happiness is my only pleasure since your mother and little Mary went away"—The elopement—A father's anguish.

ACT II.—Drawing-room in N. Y. City—The plot thickens—The farmer and the telephone—Taggs discovers where Richard has Rose hidden—Meeting of Richard and Violet, his wife—A demand for justice, which is refused—An attack and escape of Richard.

ACT III.—Den of Isaac Lovinsky—Isaac and Rachel—Rose a prisoner—Attempted murder ends in a fight, in which Violet makes her escape—Taggs arrives in the nick of time to save Rose's life—"Not so fast mine Jewish friends."

ACT IV.—Uncle Zeb's farm—Baldy and Mandy—Baldy has a difficult task in making the butter come—Richard arrives to claim and take possession of the farm—Baldy uses a pitch fork to good advantage—Rose explains the cause of her leaving home with Richard—Violet's story of her life—Uncle Zeb. discovers that Violet is his long lost daughter, Mary—The lost deed is recovered and the villain exposed and put to rout—Uncle Zeb. finds he is a very rich man—Happy ending.

PROPERTIES.

ACT I.—Bench, wash basin, comb, glass, towl, fence with an opening, well, bucket of water and dipper; shaving mug, brush and razor for Zeberiah; legal document for Barkley; legal document for Taggs; suitcase and note for Rose.

ACT II.—Curtains for door, telephone, sofa, book-case to turn over, couple of chairs; carpet bag and umbrella for Zeberiah; a bunch of letters for Violet; revolver for Taggs; fire-gong, horse effects and glass crash off stage.

ACT III.—For rough room—rough table and chairs, cup, saucer, large knife, candlestick and candle, and bottle on table. Well furnished room—fancy screen, sideboard, decanter and glasses, picture to fall, sofa, chairs; a bundle to represent clean laundry and two revolvers for Taggs; knife and bag with different kinds of jewelry for Joe; knife and legal document for Richard; light rope and money for Isaac.

ACT IV.—Two kitchen tables, six kitchen chairs, one large easy chair, churn and dasher, containing milk and small piece of butter, stove, frying pan, coffee in pot, six plates, six cups and saucers, six knives, forks and spoons, a wooden bowl and ladle for butter, crock, loaf of bread, trick shelf containing flower pots and flowers, snow and wind effects, barrel, sleigh bells, cigar box containing pipe, tobacco and matches, tin cup, lighted lantern; legal document for Richard; handcuffs for constable; locket and chain, hat box with hat to crush, for Violet; several bundles, one containing black-piece of cloth, for Rose; Hosteters almanac and pitch fork for Baldy.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

R., means Right; L., Left; R. H., Right Hand; L. H., Left Hand; C., Center; S. E., (2d E.) Second Entrance; U. E., Upper Entrance; M. D., Middle Door; F., the Flat; D. F., Door in Flat; R. C., Right of Center; L. C., Left of Center.

R.	R. C.	C.	L. C.	L.

*** The reader is supposed to be upon the stage facing the audience.

HAUNTED BY A SHADOW;

—OR,—

Hunted -:- Down.

A Drama in 4 Acts for 8 male and 2 female characters, by Geo. B. Chase. Costumes modern, characters excellent; and amateurs can easily produce it.

SYNOPSIS.

ACT I. *Scene 1st*—Home of Judge Dean—Mrs. Warren meets her son, Will Warren, (*alias* Frank Hayes) whom she has not seen for years—Nora and her boy lover—Interview between Ralph Monksly and Frank—A plan to get rid of Mrs. Warren—The "shadow"—Nora and Frank—The "ghost." Caesar Orangeblossom—Lost papers—Felix Bolton, the detective, on the trail. *Scene 2nd*—Caesar visits the office of Ralph Monksly—The drugged wine—"Caught in his own trap"—The quarrel—Dr. Radcliff—The bargain closed.

ACT II. *Scene 1st*—Judge Dean and the dectective Bolton—Frank's villainy exposed to the Judge. *Scene 2nd*—The lunatic asylum—An answer to the advertisement—"H-a-n-k Hank F-i-n-n Finn—Hank Finn—Hank and the dog—Mrs. Warren, an inmate of the asylum—The brutal doctor—Rescue of Mrs. Warren by Hank.

ACT III. *Scene 1st*—The proposal—Judge Dean's request of Nora—Nora refuses Frank—His anger and threat—Legal papers—An English fortune—Mrs. Warren's decision—Abduction of Nora—The detective to the rescue. *Scene 2nd*—Nora in the asylum—Escape of Nora—Death of Dr. Radcliff—Papers found.

ACT IV. *Scene 1st*—Barney O'Toole in possession—He discovers a plan of robbery—The detective as a Dutch peddler—Frank and Ralph recognize him, capture and confine him in trunk—Barney releases him—The robbery—Death of Ralph—"I have kept my oath!"—*Scene 2nd*—Frank's villainy exposed—Barney, the rightful heir and son—Shadowed—The criminals to justice—Happy ending.

Two Aunt Emilys; or, Quits.

A Farce in 1 Act, by Martie E. Tibbets, for 8 female characters. This is an excellent little farce, consisting of light comedy, easy acting, racy dialogue and a good moral.

SYNOPSIS.

Quarrel between Dinah and Biddy. Aunt Emily, whose money the girls are trying to get. Mrs. Morton and the telegram. Dismay of Helen and Grace. Dinah lays down the law. Onions and cayenne pepper. Arrival of Belle Morton and her teacher, who is the rich Aunt Emily. Belle's joke on Aunt Emily. The long unheard of sister found. Belle's joke on the girls discovered. The poor Aunt Emily secures a home. Belle gets even and calls it "Quits."

THE COMMERCIAL DRUMMER.

A Drama in 3 Acts, by Thorn Melross, for 6 male and 2 female characters. This piece is immense. It is printed from the author's original manuscript, and has been produced with great success by the American Theatre Co.

SYNOPSIS.

ACT I. Home of the late Richard Marlow. Interview between Frank Ross and Lawyer Dudley. The pious deacon and Verda Miller. Reading the will. Joe's dog collar. Richard Marlow, the false heir. The child of the Dark Continent in trouble. Three villains. "Ten thousand to silence my tongue!" Zadie, the deserted wife of John Dudley. An attempted murder. Joe's little "barker" interferes. Deacon and Joe. Frank and Verda; his resolve to become a "Commercial Drummer." Zadie gives Verda a home. Mr. Dudley's proposal to Verda, and the misunderstanding. Murder of Deacon Foote, and Frank accused. The struggle, "life or death!"

ACT II. Zadie, Verda, and the tramp. "Painted benches." "My kingdom for some soup!" Booth and Zadie. Attempted murder of Zadie; Ashtor, the tramp interferes, and makes Dudley hand over a "William." Booth and the Indian. Too much beer. The stolen will. Joe in the barrel. Target shooting. Verda's refusal to marry Dudley. Abduction of Verda, and Joe knocked down.

ACT III. Ashtor and Booth. Corn plasters; "There's millions in them!" Olie, the Swede. Zadie, the Census taker. Two "bummers!" Rescue of Verda by Zadie. Frank discovered by Richard, as Booth. "He must die!" A job for Olie. "In the soup!" Hot and cold boxes. Olie and Booth to the rescue of Zadie. Explanations. A new version of McGinty. A love scene. Capture of Verda. Supposed death of Booth. Fright and death of Dudley. Capture of Richard. Frank and Verda secure the fortune at last. Zadie avenged and the "Commercial Drummer" sells corn plasters no more.

THE Intelligence Office.

An original Ethiopian Sketch in 1 Scene for 3 male characters—as produced at Tony Pastor's Opera House. This sketch is extremely ludicrous—costumes modern—time in representation 15 minutes.

A NEW PLAY BY LIZZIE MAY ELWYN, AUTHOR OF DOT, THE MINER'S DAUGHTER, ENTITLED

Rachel, the Fire Waif.

A Drama in 4 acts, for 7 male and 4 female characters.
Time of performance, 2 hours.

SYNOPSIS OF EVENTS.

ACT I.—Nathan Ellsworth's home—Ray asleep—Alarm of fire—Ray and Drusilla—"I am a Fire Waif"—The two papers—Report of Eugene Burleigh's death"—Aunt Sophy and Barney get into a row—Tabitha packs her valise—Elmer and Ray—Nathan and Barney arrive with Harvey Jackson, who has assumed the name of Eugene Burleigh, who has been rescued from the fire—Drusilla recognizes him—The threat of murder—Barney sings "Swate Little Buther Cup."

ACT II.—Storm—Sophy gives Nathan a piece of her mind—Parson Green receives a rough reception—Thunder and lightning—Jackson recognizes Parson Green, alias Brock—The threat—Brock relates a little story—The plot to murder Elmer Ellsworth and Eugene Burleigh—Barney and Tabitha—Storm continues—Elmer starts for the Lighthouse—Jackson and Ray—The wrecked ship—Ray implores Jackson to go to Elmer's rescue, which he refuses—"Coward, I will save him"—Elmer, Ray and Eugene Burleigh—Eugene disguised as Capt. Brown—Drusilla recognizes his voice—Tabitha's oath.

ACT III.—The forged check—Drusilla again becomes a wanderer—Eugene discovers her note to Ray—Abduction of Eugene Burleigh—Barney is an eye witness—Jackson accuses Elmer of forging the check and helps him to escape—A lost letter—Tabitha, Barney and the flour barrel—Jackson tells Ray about the check—"I never will believe him guilty"—A three month's promise—Nathan and Sophy—"It's my opinion it's a put up job"—Barney's pledge.

ACT IV.—Ray as the wife of Jackson—The abuse—Jackson and Brock—"I'll be even with you"—"Your doom is sealed"—Nathan, Sophy and Elmer in search of Ray—The lost letter turns up, which unravels the mystery of Drusilla—Eugene Burleigh gives a history of the past, which clears Drusilla of the crime of murder and reveals to Ray that Drusilla is her sister—The explosion, in which Jackson is killed—The house enveloped in flames—Firemen rescue the party.

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—THE— MECHANIC'S REPRIEVE.

A Drama in 3 acts, by John M. Murphy, for 8 male and 3 female characters. Time of playing 1 hour and 50 minutes.

— PRICE 15 CENTS PER COPY.—

SYNOPSIS OF EVENTS.

ACT I.—Colonel Harrington informs his daughter Mary, of Lester Wilson's intended visit—Dan Trogan and the horses—John Rogers, the mechanic—His proposal accepted by Mary—"If a body kiss a body"—Annie and Mary—E. Z. Walker, as a tramp, appears—Annie interested in the tramp—"Me heart is broke and me back is in the same yard," says Dan—Colonel gives his consent for Wilson to address Mary—Mary and Wilson, the proposal rejected—"He's nothing but a mechanic"—A plot to ruin John Rogers—The stolen money and murder of Colonel Harrington—John accused of murder, by Wilson—Mary's faith in her lover—Arrest of Rogers.

ACT II.—The tramp returns, meets Annie and Dan—Annie tells Walker of the murder and the conviction of Rogers—"He hangs today"—"I can and will save him"—Mary intercedes with the Governor for a reprieve—The reprieve granted—"A ride for a life"—Walker tells the Governor that he murdered Col. Harrington, in order to save Rogers—Arrest of Walker, when Louise, Wilson's wife arrives, and swears she saw Lester Wilson murder the Colonel—Wilson and Dan, the bribe rejected—Rogers in prison—Wilson visits Rogers—The insult—Arrival of Mary with the reprieve—"Saved, John saved."

ACT III.—A lapse of one year—Home of John and Mary Rogers—Walker and Annie as lovers—News of Lester Wilson's escape from prison—Mary's forbodings—Lester Wilson's attempt to kill John Rogers, but is foiled by Louise—Dan arrests Lester—"Lester Wilson, you have wronged me deeply, but I forgive you"—"Come friends, let us go in, night's shadows are closing around us. Its gloomy shades are too suggestive of the past, and around the cheery fireplace I can see the faces of the friends, whose love for me was my salvation, in the dark days before I was Reprieved.

NOV 17 1909

My Awful Wife.

Comedy in 4 acts, by Joseph H. Slater, for 8 male, (can double to 7 male) and 3 female characters. Costumes modern. A clever piece, clean, bright and interesting. Thrilling climaxes and comical situations. Characters all have prominent parts. Not a dull moment in the entire piece. Time of performance, 2 hours and 30 minutes.

SYNOPSIS OF EVENTS.

Home of Jasper J. Muddle—Charles and Ada—"You bet she's coming, look out for the locomotive"—Arrival of the "Awful Wife" who proceeds to make things lively—"Ever since I married your respected mamma, I have given up thinking"—A message from Phineas Dabbler, who dabbles in science—Jasper J's soliloquy—Deacon Spyder astounded—"I must inform Mrs. Muddle of the outrageous conduct of her husband"—"Oh, the depravity of human nature"—Sally and the Deacon have words—"Verily, young woman, you are a stumbling block in the path of the righteous"—Mrs. Muddle on the war-path—Phineas Dabbler arrives to spend his vacation with Mr. and Mrs. Muddle, which leads to more complications—Dabbler explains to Jasper J. his Concentrated Essence of The Milk of Human Kindness, which they agree to try on Mrs. Muddle—More family jars—Sammy Dobbs, who applies for a situation, is hired by Jasper J. and is fired, immediately, by Mrs. Muddle, who dislikes his red hair—Sally, by mistake, mixes Dabbler's Infallible Eradicater and Capillary Transmogrifier and uses the wrong one on Sammy's red hair—"After three doses his mother won't know him"—Jasper J. gives his wife an overdose of Dabbler's Milk of Human Kindness—Deacon Spyder overhears an important conversation—"I'll have them arrested for murder"—A large order for ice—Sammy looses all his red hair—The Deacon speaks his mind—The lost antidote—Jasper, who is thought to be insane, meets the doctor—Disastrous results—Mrs. Muddle returns to life to thwart her enemies—Deacon Spyder receives his just deserts—"Crushed again and by my 'Awful Wife'"—"It's a terrible thing to be a henpecked husband." Price, 25cts

Old Phil's Birthday.

A Serio Comic Drama in 2 acts, by J. P. Wooler, Esq., for 5 male and 2 female characters. Time of perfomance, 1 hour and 45 minutes.

SYNOPSIS OF EVENTS.

Courtyard of Harddress and Co.—Blanche and Marion—Give and take—Phil tells the story of his life—Lionel robs his father's safe—A confession to Frank who furnishes the money to hide his crime—A promise—Phil in a passion—The die is cast, hope is extinguished—Frank and Marion—A secret—"For all our sakes forego this journey to London"—The robbery discovered—The false key to the safe—Frank accused of theft—Phil's anguish—Lionel's regrets—Phil leaves his old home—An interview between Phil and Mr. Harddress—"Frank! I love you"—A confession to Phil by Grantly—Phil's plan—Shielding the guilty one—Lionel confesses and clears Frank's name—Happy ending to "Old Phil's Birthday." Price, 15cts.

Somebody's Nobody.

Farce in 1 act, by C. A. Maltby, for 3 male and 2 female characters. Dick, to please a friend, takes the part of a high toned Englishman, and pays his respects to the daughter of Mr. Bibbius, who is very much disgusted with him. Dick's endeavors to be "swell" and please, are ludicrous in the extreme. All characters have excellent speaking parts. Easily arranged. Time of performance. 30 minutes. Price, 15cts.

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